



T H E
**English LION
ROUSED.**

ROUSE each true British soul,
Push round the cann or bowl,
Merrily sing.

Tho' France has deceitfully
Join'd with America,
Does not the heart dismay,
Of **GEORGE** our **KING**.

Had war been declar'd before,
Our Tars had many score
Prizes sent in,
Neither Soldier or Tar,
In an natural war,
Dread either wound or scar,
For **GEORGE** our **KING**.

Tho' France this advantage take,
We'll make their hearts to ake,
When we begin,
Britons renown'd for fame,
They'll find us still the same,
Monsieurs shall dread the name
Of **GEORGE** our **KING**.

Now let's nobly advance,
And crush the pride of France,
Honour 'twill bring;
Those who back the rebels cause,
Can never gain applause,
Enemies to all laws,
And **GEORGE** our **KING**.

Let the Rebels do all they can,
And France with their valiant men
Never will win;
D——n him who fears to go,
To face his Gallic foe,
Monsieur shall ever know
GEORGE is our **KING**.

